

## Invincibility

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Category: Halo

Genre: Angst, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: SPARTAN-B312/Noble Six

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-07-07 01:25:32

Updated: 2011-07-07 01:25:32

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:29:20

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 482

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: The thoughts that go through Noble Six's mind in the final moments of his life about a very well known saying revolving around the Spartans. First fic so please review on what I can improve.

## Invincibility

**\*\*Yo. So this is my first fanfic I'm posting on this siteâ€|actually it's my first fanfic I'm posting everâ€|so yeahâ€| okay onward.**  
**\*\***

\_INVINCIBILITY\_

\_Spartans never die.\_

\_Spartans never die.\_

\_Spartans NEVER die!\_

Yet another grunts head disappears in a spatter of blue-green blood. Reloading his pistol Six lets out a bitter laugh. \_Spartans never die, yeah okay, tell Jorge that.\_

A jackal's shield flares from a withering blast by Six's shotgun. Spinning around he smashes his fist through the face of another.

\_Tell Kat that.\_

An Elite roars and opens fire on Six, plasma burning down his shields. Six opens fire in return. Their shields flare off and Six strikes out, crushing the Elites' windpipe.

Six turns again just as another Elite lets out an alien snarl and aims its' needle rifle at his face. The pink shard smashed into Six's

faceplate, shattering the glass and stabbing into his cheek just beneath his left eye. Six yanks it out and chucks the glowing piece of blamite away.

The Elite squeezes the trigger again to end the demon, but Six was ready. Thrusting the back of his hand up he knocks the barrel of the rifle up, sending the shot wide. The follows up with a nice clean shotgun blast to the aliens mouth parts, turning its' face into mince-meat.

\_Tell that to Carter.\_

Six rips off his broken helmet and staggers as plasma fire slams into his side. Six turns again to see two more Elites rushing at him.

\_Say that to Emile.\_

Six hurled his last plasma grenade into the aliens' path where it detonated, sending dirt and energy into the air, now there was only one Elite.

The energy sword seemed to have come out of nowhere. One minute Six was unloading his pistol into the approaching Elite; the next twin glowing blades of plasma had materialized through his chest from behind him.

The silver armored Elite laughed and shouted to its comrades in its own guttural language. Six breathed in a stuttering breath and lashed out with his leg. The blow shattered the Ultras' knee and it let out a pained roar. Pushing Six off of its weapon it screamed alien profanities and grabbed the back of his head. Six felt the iron grip of the Ultras' hand on the back of his head and was lifted up and hurled into a broken concrete pillar.

Two Elites stood over him, prepared to finish the job, but in his narrowing Six saw the silver elite limp over and push them away. Six smiled, blood leaking out of his mouth.

\_Tell me that.\_

Six let the armed Frag roll out of his hand and over to the aliens' feet, he closed his eyes.

Six felt a wave of heat and bits of shrapnel biting into his exposed face.

\_Tell Noble that. \_

End  
file.